

# End Amen, Nocturnal March

nocturnal fright of the survivors  
their opinions all over the earth  
you can hear the awful murmur  
disturbed only by their cries  
some of them believe in groups  
and choose who will be their leader  
primitive objects in an over-civilised world  
they start to fight for their lives  
in legions of hate they march

please stay away from me  
leave me alone with your same mistakes  
my long wished freedom I can see  
and I'm waiting till earth shakes

squalid areas everywhere in sight  
all inhabitants are predetermined  
a second arc or a natural process  
who comprehends get heaviness  
awful and grey, dust and decay  
the sunlight doesn't find it's way  
burials in holy ruins  
when the storm of the legions is over

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[solo: Uwe]

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